My words would bandy her to my ſweet Love,
And his to me, but old folkes many faine as they were dead,
Unweildy, ſlow, heavie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes: O honey Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nurſe. *Peter* ſtay at the gate.

Jul. Now good ſweet Nurſe, O Lord why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou ſham'ſt the Muſicke of ſweet newes,
By playing it to me with ſo ſowre a face.

Nurſe. I am weary, give me leave a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeake, good, good Nurſe ſpeake.

Nurſe. Jeſu what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Doe you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou do'ſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou do'ſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and I'le ſtay the circumſtance,
Let me be ſatisfi'd, iſt good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chooſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be better than any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand and a foot and body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: hee is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy waies wench, ſerve God. What? have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no, but all this did I know before,
What ſayes he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My backe a tother ſide, ah my backe, my backe,
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about,

To catch my death wi
Jul. Iſaith I am ſor
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet N
Nur. Your love ſa
And a courteous, and
And I warrant a vertu
Jul. Where is my
ſhe be?
How odly thou replie
Your Love ſayes like
Where is your Mothe
Nurſe. O Gods La
Are you ſo hot? marr
Is this the poultis for
Hence-forward doe y
Jul Here's ſuch a co
Nur. Have you got
Jul. I have.
Nur. Then hie you
There ſtayes a husba
Now comes the want
They'll be in ſcarlet
Hie you to Church,
To fetch a ladder, by
Muſt climbe a birds
I am the drudge, and
But you ſhall beare t
Goe, Ile to dinner, h
Jul. Hie to high fo

Ente
Fri. So ſmile the
That after houres wi
Rom. Amen, Ame
It cannot countervai
That one ſhort minu
Doe thou but cloſe o